

Red River Prospector.

RED RIVER, - NEW MEXICO.

The United Kingdom has colonies and possessions whose area is equal to more than twenty-seven times her own size.

Among the ruins of Pompeii have been found chafing dishes of exquisite workmanship, which give undisputed proof of their use in the city, which contained villas of many wealthy Romans.

Northern Indiana farmers are experimenting in the domestication of quail. During the winter the birds are fed regularly, and on some of the farms they have become so tame that they roost with the barnyard fowls.

The watchfulness of members of congress is not always rewarded in a way anticipated. Two resolutions recently offered in the house requested the president to return to that body two private pension bills. A member of inquiring mind wished to know what was the defect in the bills. "There is no defect," was the reply. "The beneficiaries are dead."

Quite as remarkable as the wrecking of the Pacific Mail line steamship Rio de Janeiro just at the entrance to San Francisco harbor on Feb. 22 is the total disappearance of the wreck. Divers have explored large areas of the bottom of the sea at the point where the wreck is supposed to have occurred, but not the slightest trace of the ill-fated ship has been found.

One of the most prominent Baptist preachers in the vicinity of New York has made it a practice in all his pastorates to write his resignation within a week of his entrance upon a new field, sign, seal and deliver it to the proper official with the remark: "There, now! Never ask me for my resignation. Whenever you want me to go just break open the envelope, write in a date to the document and offer it to the congregation."

The recent appointment of General Chaffee as major-general is the first instance of a private attaining that rank in the regular army of the United States. "I should know that Chaffee was not educated at West Point," commented a military visitor at the review of American troops in China last summer. "He is so unused to full-dress uniform that he has his sash over the wrong shoulder." It was true, and all the more honor to him for his success.

A recent importation of foreigners against which no one will be likely to take exceptions, except, perhaps, the natives they have come to destroy, has been graciously received and welcomed by the quarantine officer of the California State Board of Agriculture at San Francisco. The newcomers are a consignment of tachina flies from the grasshopper tribe—their wholesale exterminators, in fact, wherever found. They came as cold storage passengers and with them came a large number of ladybugs, for service in clearing the orchards of red scale—the pest of fruit growers. The flies are to be released in May. They will make short work of the grasshoppers, which swarm at that time.

A college professor, reading Lord Rayleigh's "Theory of Sound" a few years ago, became particularly interested in that part which relates to the vibration of cords. He began to study the waves which travel along a cord when one end is shaken, and then to experiment with cords loaded at intervals with weights, and vibrating in air or water. What could he hope to learn from such investigations? What practical results were to be looked for? He could not tell, nor could any one else have told. Yet he studied the subject for five years. The facts he discovered make it probable that telephone communication may take place under three thousand miles of sea, and the professor has sold his invention for half a million dollars.

The German army has furnished another terrible illustration of what dueling means. An infantry captain present at an officer's dinner took offense at the innocent but rough horse-play of an army surgeon, and struck him. He then retired to his quarters. In a little while two officers representing the surgeon appeared with a challenge. Before they could deliver it a brother of the surgeon entered and shot the captain dead. His excuse was that he sacrificed himself to save his brother, the surgeon, who had a wife and children, and could hardly hope to survive a duel with the offended captain, a noted pistol-shot. Such an incident must come home with peculiar force to the emperor, who has frankly commended dueling in the army as the proper way for a soldier to protect his "honor."

The name of Sing Sing, so far as the New York village is concerned, is no more, having been changed to Ossining. Manufacturers brought about this change, the impression having gone abroad that all goods turned out in the village were prison-made. The village showed a decrease in the last census of 1,313 in population, though neighboring places showed uniform increase. Sing Sing was incorporated in 1813 and the prison was erected eleven years later. The prison is still within the village boundary lines.

THE WEST.

I listen to the rumble and rattle of the rail
And to my ears unfolded the world's
most wonderful tale;
The prairie tamed and broken; the forest
split in two;
The lake and ocean bleached; the mountain
shivered through;
The chasm knit with iron; the cataract
swung back;
Both Time and Distance shrunken with
every foot of track.

The tramp of millions westward is echoed
From the wheel;
The strain of millions striving sensations
new to feel;
New cities planned at twilight, perfected
with the dawn;
Our Nation's might replenished by western
brain and brawn.

The fruits are, aye! most luscious; the
flowers fairest bloom;
The men are best and bravest, and there
is least of gloom.
Where sits the Star of Empire, where
Sun of Progress dips,
And burnishes the wheat fields and glides
the groaning ships.

—F. A. Murray.

A Legal Affair.

BY GUY A. JAMIESON.
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The little sign screamed monotonously as it swayed back and forth in the wind. In fact, it was the only sign of animation for two blocks, but a rival sign across the street that screamed and swayed just as vehemently, and to as little purpose. The sign in question informed the public, or would have, had there been a public, that John D. Marberry was an attorney and real estate agent, and that he had a choice lot of residence, business, farm and ranch property for sale or rent on easy terms. The truth is, the town of Archer was for sale or rent on easy terms; and the few families, who had not already left for a less drouthy country, remained from necessity more than choice.

John D. Marberry, who had come West to grow up with the country, was, at the very time of which I write, sitting in a small, hot, dusty office beneath the screaming sign, gazing abstractedly up the deserted street, out to the interminable stretch of parched prairie. When he located in Archer it was on a "boom"; immigration was pouring into the county, the Retta and Taw R. R. had been surveyed to the town, and everything indicated an era of development and prosperity. But, for some reason, not known to the public, the road was not built; and short crops and two years of drouth had caused, to use an expression usually applied to such conditions, the whole bottom to drop out.

John D. Marberry's thoughts were not as abstract as his appearance. In fact, they had a very practical trend. He was thinking seriously of selling out,—look, stock and barrel, if such an expression is applicable to the law and real estate business,—and moving back East. He had made a bad venture, he had been disappointed, he was heartily tired of the dry monotony of things. The West held but one attraction for him—and but for said attraction this story would not have been written. He had met Miss Ola Mann, and that meant that he had fallen under the spell of her charming personality. Miss Ola was the daughter of a rich old rancher, who numbered his acres and cattle by the thousands. In the active out-door life she had led she had developed into a superb specimen of the western woman—she was beautiful, cultured, wealthy. Therein lay the perplexity of the case. Marberry felt himself a man of parts, that he had a future, but, for the present, he was stranded. He had often thought over the matter as he tossed restlessly nights, and as he sat dejected in the stuffy little office watching the dust drift down the deserted street. To presumptuously, boldly speak his mind and put an end to the consuming uncertainty, or move East, establish himself, and write—that was the question. Once, as he returned from a Fourth of July celebration, where he, as the orator of the occasion, had covered himself with glory, he had been on the point



"Mann has made an assignment." If an avowal of his love, but Miss Ola had seemed to parry his words, and being proud, sensitive, he had remained silent.

But, now, his mind was made up. He jerked his chair to the desk and began to prepare an inventory of his office fixtures, books, etc. The work completed, he walked across the street to the rival sign. Taylor, the owner, had invested pretty heavily in real estate and would likely remain, as there was no prospect of his disposing of it for some years. He could sell his plunder to him; if not, why, he would take it with him.

Taylor was looking over the last issue of the Archer Star, a copy he had taken from the press, strictly against the rules of the office, only ten minutes before.

"Well, I guess, the worst has happened," he began, looking up from

the paper and motioning Marberry to a chair.

"What is it?" asked Marberry. "Mann has made an assignment."

"Can't be true." "That's what the paper says." Marberry folded the inventory slowly and pushed it into his pocket. He walked over to the Star office and talked to Tooley. On his departure he took a paper from the mailing-desk, then went to the postoffice and got another out of his box. Prof. Bennet was reading the Star to a crowd of six. The "assignment" was the local of interest. Another item, Marberry had overlooked, was also receiving its share of comment. Miss Ola Mann had secured a position in the Archer school. Prof. Bennet testified to the truth of the last bit of news.

John D. Marberry walked across the street with a new buoyancy in his step, tearing the inventory into bits and



"I have something to say, Miss Ola," casting it on the hot wind. He entered his office and took down the duster that had been taking a protracted rest. Every book and piece of furniture was gone over carefully and re-arranged. When he sat down to his desk again there was a tidy and prosperous appearance about the room that it had not worn since the days of the railroad boom. John D. Marberry had finally determined that the fate of Archer should be his fate—sink or swim, survive or perish—he would remain in Archer.

He went industriously to work on an abstract of the county, an undertaking he had given up some weeks before from sheer discouragement.

He was still writing when a buggy rolled up to the door. He looked up, surprised at the interruption. Miss Ola greeted him cordially. He hastened out to assist her from the buggy. If her father's financial embarrassment weighed heavily on her mind, she was successful, indeed, in concealing it. She was the same fresh, sensible, charming Miss Ola.

"I have just read—the Star, Miss Ola," began Marberry, when they were seated. "You'll pardon me for referring to it, and allow me—" "Excuse me," broke in Miss Ola; "but please do not mention it. There's nothing to be sorry for—we still have the home place and, you know, I have secured a position in the school. After all, what is a little more or less property? Here are some papers father told me to hand to you. He wishes you to look over them." She rose to go. Marberry rose also.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Ola," he began, stepping nearer; "something I would have said before this had it not been for certain circumstances and which, but for certain other circumstances, I would not say now."

Miss Ola resumed her seat. "I desire you to know, Miss Ola," he continued hesitatingly; "that—I love you."

Miss Ola's eyes were on the floor, roses came and went on her cheeks. Then, she looked up sweetly and said: "I'm sure, Mr. Marberry, I'm not displeased."

Not a single client dropped in to interrupt the conversation that followed. But then, if there had been clients in Archer it would not have happened just as it did.

The rival sign across the street was still screaming and flapping fruitlessly when Marberry and his visitor stepped into the buggy and rolled off.

Taylor eyed them critically over the corner of his paper. There was something telltale about his rival that caused his thoughts to go wandering back to a sunny day—now buried, with many other bright things, in the past—when he had entered the land where Love is king.

"There'll soon be another local in the Star," he mused, and his thoughts drifted back to silent streets, scorched prairie, and bad investments.

A few months later there was a quiet wedding out at Mann's Ranch. Tooley, of the Star, was best man. Taylor congratulated his rival heartily. Marberry—well, Marberry—was happy.

Archer is no longer a deserted village, but a thriving western metropolis. The screaming sign that flapped above Marberry's office has long since ceased to scream. Marberry occupies elegant rooms above Mann and Marberry's bank. Those who write him use the prefix "Hon."

English Sovereign an Unpopular Coin.

The sovereign has never been a popular coin in India. Among the wealthier natives who have not yet learned to trust the yellow metal as currency, the idea of turning a sovereign into ornaments, such as earrings and brooches, has recently become a fad.

Memphis, Tenn., is taking no little pride in her distinction of being the mule metropolis of the south. Someone, referring to this flourishing and wealthy city, says "there it is a case of tanks and brays."

Carriage Makers

WONDERFUL ADVANCE
MADE IN THEIR WORK.

The rapid strides made by the manufacturers of wood working machinery have changed completely the fitting of the carriage woodshop of the present day, says the Hub. Fifty years ago one of the largest and best fitted woodshops in the country was advanced so far that it was provided with a circular saw, an upright saw hung on the gate method, and a wheel boxing machine, worked by hand power. All timber that was to be planned by machinery was sent to a shop where there was a circular planer and saws, the proprietor of which confined his attention entirely to planing and sawing for carriage, wagon and cabinet factories and carpenters and builders. Three years later an enterprising machinist set up a head knife for dressing up the heavy timbers, and the woodworkers in the cities began to get rid of some of his heaviest work, but he of the country shop saved out his shafts, poles, fellows, etc., by hand. Then a set of rip and crosscut saws, which saws, small and large, constituted an important part of the woodworker's kit. We recall a prosperous shop in an inland town where there were fifteen woodworkers. Through the center of this shop was a row of fine chopping blocks, with their broadaxes for hewing heavy timbers, spokes, etc. The axle makers (the axles being all of wood), the wheel makers, the body makers and the men of all work occupied benches in the one shop. Not a piece of power machinery was used; even the grindstone had to be turned by the youngest apprentice; men worked eleven and twelve hours a day. The best wheel maker was able to make one set of buggy wheels a week. The man who made a single seat phaeton body of a pattern similar to the "Queen" in one week was looked upon as a marvel of speed, and all other work was accomplished in about the same proportion of time. Wages ranged from \$7 to \$12 a week, except for the wheel makers; these got \$2 to \$4 more, according to their skill and speed. The apprentice boy received \$25 a year and his board for the first year, and \$35, \$50 and \$85 a year for the three years thereafter.

When the labor hours were reduced to eleven a day the year around employers cut down wages accordingly, and there was a visible reduction in the yearly output. The life of the

youngest apprentice was a hard one. He did about all the rough work that no one else would do; after that he got a bench, and then began to "learn his trade," but with all his disadvantages he could, if he would, become an expert workman, although he worked on the "cut and dry" rule. The work, however, was of the hardest kind and his wages small, and these, small as they were, were further reduced by his being compelled to trade at the village store. In this latter respect the journeyman was little better off, as he, too, traded at the store, and was fortunate indeed if he received \$5 in money each week. We can call to mind the boy who received \$1.50 in money during the first year, and the journeyman in the same factory received \$3 in cash a week from January until July, and replenished their impoverished pockets by working in the harvest fields for the neighboring farmers. How different then and now! We enter the carriage woodshop of today, and we see nothing of the old-time fittings, neither do we see the apprentice. The wheel maker is missing, and in place of rough plank and thick panel boards we find the workman supplied with his framework timber dressed to a thickness, and not infrequently entirely dressed to pattern. His panel boards all planned to a thickness, and around him all manner of appliances to facilitate his work. We are not referring to the wholesale factory, where machinery fits almost everything ready for gluing or screwing together but in the shop of the custom builder we see power machinery that relieves the workman of much of the heavy labor. The shop is arranged to insure comfort in winter as well as in summer, and the sanitary conditions are such as to protect the health of the workmen. The manufacturer of today has learned the importance of caring for the convenience, comfort and health of the employees. Wages are arranged on a more equitable basis; the store order is a thing of the past; the wages earned are paid in cash, and the workman is free to buy where he will. His hours of labor are reduced and fixed by law. Not only are the wages higher than they were fifty years ago, but the buying power of the individual dollar is, with the single exception of house rent, higher, and in every way the worker is better situated than he was then.

BUFFALOES ALMOST EXTINCT

LITTLE MORE THAN A
THOUSAND OF THESE
ANIMALS IN EXISTENCE

The American buffalo is fast disappearing from the earth. It is estimated that there are now remaining alive in the world only 1,024 of these noble beasts, 654 of which are in captivity. But it is not possible to be exact in such a statement, inasmuch as the wild survivors cannot be rounded up and counted. In the densely wooded regions between the Saskatchewan and Peace rivers, in British Columbia, are several hundred buffalo; there are twenty or so perhaps in the desert Panhandle region of northwest Texas, and in the Yellowstone national park there are fifty or sixty more, it is believed. There are none at liberty anywhere else.

These few remaining wild bison are being steadily reduced in number. In British Columbia they are being killed off gradually by the Indians, while those in the Yellowstone park are potted by poachers whenever the

chance offers. A mounted head of one of these animals is today worth from \$150 to \$200, and a skin brings a good price. Ten years ago there were nearly 400 buffalo in the park and it is thought that the survivors can be preserved only by corralling them and reducing them to captivity.

C. J. Jones, better known as "Buffalo" Jones, of Oklahoma, has a herd of over 100 full-bred buffalo, which he wishes to sell to the government. Austin Corbin was the possessor of ninety bison, which have been more or less scattered since his death, some of them having been presented to New York city. The animals, when kept in captivity, show a tendency to increase in numbers, and Buffalo Jones has produced thousands of desirable cross-breeds from his herd.

It is stated that there are not 110 pure-bred American bison outside of this country.

MEN OF MIDDLE AGE

MENTAL POWERS ARE
STRONGEST BETWEEN
THE AGES OF 40 AND 60

Let those who are young cease to vaunt themselves and they who are of middle age rejoice. Research has proved that the human mind is at its fullest power between the ages of 40 and 60. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, such as Byron, the young Napoleon, and Alexander, but taking it "full and by" the prime age of the mind of man is between 40 and 60. Swift was 49 when he wrote "Gulliver's Travels," and John Stuart Mill 56 when his essay on Utilitarianism was published, although his Liberty was written three years before. When Waverley came out Sir Walter Scott was 44 years old, and nearly all of those tales which have made his lasting fame as a novelist were written after he was 46. Milton's genius made its loftiest flights when he was between 54 and 59. It was between those years that he wrote Paradise Lost. The Task and John Gilpin were written when Cowper was over 50, and Defoe was within two years of 60 when he wrote Robinson Crusoe. Of all the writings of Thomas Hood, The Song of the Shirt, and The Bridge of Sighs are the best known and will live the longest. Hood wrote these two poems at the age of 46.

Darwin wrote his Origin of Species when he was 50, and was 62 when he gave the world his Descent of Man. Longfellow wrote Hiawatha at 48, and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us Songs of Many Keys when he had passed his 65th birthday. George Eliot was near 50 when she wrote Middlemarch. Bacon's greatest book took 69 years to mature, and Grote's History of Greece several years longer.

How to Select Guests. In entertaining small companies do not make a mistake of inviting the same people to meet each other too often. If you have a party of six musical people it will be enjoyable for them to sing, play or talk music to one another once or twice. But remember that many people who can neither sing nor play an instrument enjoy music passionately. Invite these non-musical to meet one or two of those who make music. If you know two or three people who love books and reading, bring them together some evening. Ask one of them to read aloud a new short story or magazine sketch, or an old but perhaps unfamiliar one. If you have among your friends two good story-tellers, do not invite them to entertain each other, but ask people whom you know will enjoy their stories to meet each from time to time. Everyone loves an appreciative listener, especially one who is free from the uneasy spur of competition.—Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion.

Uncle Sam Recognizes His Own. An old tin pan with a \$5 bill painted on the bottom was found in a pile of rubbish in Bowdoinham, Me. The finder cut the bottom out of the pan and sent it to the United States treasury in Washington, and later received a new five in return.

The years of a dwarf may be many, yet he never lives long.

A woman has succeeded in climbing the Breithorn, one of the most difficult peaks in Switzerland.

Population of Rio de Janeiro. A recent census of the population of Rio de Janeiro gives the city approximately 650,000 inhabitants. This is much smaller than was generally supposed. In all there are 60,132 houses and dwellings, giving the large average of ten people each. The tenements are crowded with hundreds of occupants, many of them living in the most wretched manner.

Swallowed His False Teeth. A man recently swallowed his false teeth and it drove him mad. Stomachs will stand a great deal, but not everything. If you're weak try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver troubles, as well as malaria, fever and ague. It is particularly effective in all nervous affections, and is strongly recommended at this season of the year when the system is run-down and most susceptible to disease. All druggists keep it.

"Woman has too much imagination." "Oh, I don't know; if she couldn't imagine that man was better than he is she wouldn't marry him."

Garfield Tea, the medicine that purifies the blood and cleanses the system, brings good health to all who use it. It is made from herbs. Druggists sell it.

"What is Jimmy howling about now?" "He thought his grandmother had sent him a box of candy for his birthday, but it turned out to be a box of soap."

Don't spoil the appearance of your washing by using poor blue, use Russ' Bleaching Blue, the famous bag blue. "We ought not to do mental work when physically tired, nor mental labor when mentally tired." "Yes? Is that why you never do either?"

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